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THANK Heaven there is no inquisition! Thank Heaven there are no faith-prescribing councils! Thank Heaven there is no excommunication! Thank Heaven there is no burning alive! In happy England these things are buried in the history of the past. The church is honoured—nowhere more honoured—but its teeth are extracted, and it cannot bite. In spite of the efforts of the subtle Puseyite, the power it once possessed, of biting as well as blessing, will never be restored to it. The spirit of the “Tracts for the times” is too transparent to deceive. The convulsive efforts of those daring sophists, who are struggling wildly to hoist the church once more over the shoulders of the state, may serve for awhile to amuse the excitement-seeking public—but long ere their principles are openly avowed, long ere they throw off the hollow mask of humility—they and their propositions will be unanimously repudiated. No—no—my masters! Let the church, which has a more capacious stomach than the *polypus* (all mouths and belly), swallow as much of the oil and fat of the land as it needs for its support—let it eat and drink and add to its stature—let it deliver sermons and ghostly admonitions in return—but let it not place its finger on the book of *law*—give it not a sword to smite, or a rack to torture, or a fire to burn—let the *old time* be remembered, and, in matters politic,

the church be armless, footless, headless—let it not budge one inch—for, give it an inch, and it will take an ell. We are moved to these reflections by certain letters that have lately reached our office, couched in a strain of admonishment which we regard not, and of menacing which we fear not.

It would appear that we have spoken irreverently of a reverend person—that we have puffed at a great light—that we have essayed to blow out Mr. Close. To judge from the assertions of our correspondents, we have broached impious doctrines—uttered obnoxious heresies—snarled at the true religion. We find a bundle of sermons, to this purport, on our table. Having read them attentively—we pronounce them—without a minute's hesitation—*chaff*.

We will yield to none in our respect for religion—to none in our honour of its ministers. But we stoutly maintain that a minister of religion should keep himself within the limits of his office—that he should preach *religion*, and *religion only*. The minister who transgresses these bounds is a *meddler*. The present Bishop of London, a wise and zealous man, has, if we recollect rightly, in one of his charges, words to this effect:—

“Our blessed Saviour's charge to St. Peter, and through him to all who claim to be his ministers, was—‘FEED MY SHEEP.’ Whatever acts of advice or authority are required, in the enforcement of that charge, towards those to whom we stand as shepherds, we have full right to exercise, and they every reason to listen to and obey—but beyond that, and the written laws and ordinances of the church, we have no right to claim obedience. AND IT IS JUSTLY SO—for a spiritual power without such limits, in the hands of men fallible and imperfect,

would be perverted (as history gives examples) to the purposes of INTOLERABLE TYRANNY over the inward thoughts and consciences, no less than over the outward acts and observances of all who would be subject to its influence.”*

These are golden words, and, coming from so high an authority as the Bishop of London, are sufficient to outreach a hundred Closes. And what, let us ask, have we asserted more than is here set down—and by a bishop too? However, we are not going to write an essay in defence of the application of music to religious texts. The reverend F. T. J. Baily effectually overthrew all arguments to the contrary, by his citations from Scripture, in his sermon, at the Cathedral, on the occasion of the first morning performance at the recent Gloucester Festival. His very text was triumphant:—

“It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and then they lifted up their voice with the trumpet and cymbals, and instruments of musick, and praised the Lord, saying, ‘For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord,’—(2 Chron. Chapt. 5. Verse 13.)

We recollect some admirable articles in the *Atlas*, on this subject, about two years ago. One argument which the writer used, we never even heard an attempt to answer. After alluding to the undoubted fact that the “Psalms of David” were lyrical effusions, intended to be sung to an instrumental accompaniment, he pointed out some of the most striking and unmistakeable of those passages which the church believes to be prophecies of the life and actions of the Saviour. (The argument of the *Atlas* writer

* We quote from memory.

was *apropos* of the alleged impiety of the words which Handel has adopted in his "Messiah" being set to music and sung.) "If," said he (we quote from memory), "it was not impious to sing the *prophecy* of those wonderful events—which, since David, *the man after God's own heart*, indisputably did himself sing them, will hardly be asserted—what reason can be shown to prove it impious to sing the *history* of them?" We think Mr. Close will find himself at a loss to answer this straightforward and unvarnished question of a *layman*.—But in our times no discussion of such a point is needed. The plain truth of the matter is this:—either Mr. Close is a fanatic, and so merits pity rather than contumely—or he is a cunning man, who thinks to win notoriety by the support of strange paradoxes, and so exposes himself to the reprehension of the bishop of his diocese. In either case he will only create a smile out of the precincts of his own sanctuary.

The majority of the letters we have received, are mere effusions of intolerant bigotry, beneath notice. Two, only, merit our attention—one, because it is written under a mistaken notion, the other because it is expressed in courteous language. We insert them both—that they may have nothing less than their full weight.

No. I.

"If the Almighty Ruler of the universe &c.," (*Vide "Musical World," Sept 26, 1844.*) Can there be any question on this momentous subject? If so, the believer in the Divine Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures may have his doubts set for ever at rest by the enclosed quotations. As a musician who gladly gives credit to every brother professor, for a sincere desire to speak on all subjects and of all persons, with truth and candour, the writer cannot withhold the information that the Reverend Francis Close, however his judgment respecting performances of sacred music may not be infallible, has, nevertheless, long been well and widely known as an eloquent speaker and talented writer on theological subjects—subjects with which the musician, from the absorbing nature of his professional pursuits, is, unfortunately, not always so well acquainted as might be desired, for the sake of his own eternal welfare.

Accompanying this are the following citations from Scripture, which, as we

never entertained a doubt of their truth, we are too happy to present to our readers, and are only surprised that our correspondent should so entirely have misunderstood our observations.

"O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me, Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thoughts afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether."—(Ps. 139, verses 1, 2, 3, 4.—Bible version.)

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."—(10th chap. of St. Matthew, 29th and 30th ver.)

Nevertheless, we must confess our inability to perceive the absolute connection between the price of sparrows, and the subject in dispute. Some people, however, see all things figuratively—and so, as Voltaire says—*"Fions nous y, sans comprendre."*

The other letter, though equally misrepresenting us, deserves attention for the earnestness with which it is written:—

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Will you allow me to make a few remarks on the leading article in your last *Musical World* respecting Mr. Close and the Gloucester Festival—I am a great lover of Sacred music and firmly believe that the most strictly religious person may attend an oratorio, not only with pleasure but profit—and it is this feeling which makes me much regret the manner in which you defended the subject in the article to which I allude. The prejudices against the oratorio are fast dying away amongst the increasingly religious public (its most powerful supporters or opposers) and I am sure on a little reflection you will agree with me in thinking that

strong *personal abuse* of a Christian minister, however wrongly he may differ from us, is more likely to confirm than remove the remaining objections against it—I am a perfect stranger to Mr. Close, and as I before stated a *warm advocate* of the oratorio, and am therefore not only an impartial person in his case but the more anxious that the cause of the oratorio, to which it seems he objects, should be supported in a moderate and *generous* spirit, rather than in one which would make many enemies without obtaining a single convert. I have been for some years a constant reader of the *Musical World*, I have always admired the uniform manner in which good classical music is upheld, and native talent supported against foreign pretension in it, and it is this opinion of your discrimination and justice

which induces me to address you on this occasion, feeling sure your good taste and right feeling will admit that you have been too unguarded and unkind in your defence of the oratorio and attack on Mr. Close.—Trusting you will take these remarks in the friendly spirit in which they are written.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
A SUBSCRIBER.

October 1st, 1844.

We know as little of Mr. Close as the writer of the above letter. We never heard of him until he rendered himself unenviably notorious, by his absurd and irrelevant attacks on a beautiful and innocent art. We have no recollection of the "strong *personal abuse*" to which our "Subscriber" alludes, though, *had it been employed*, we could have reasonably defended it. The higher the office, the more important the duties—and if Mr. Close abuses his prerogative as a minister of the Church, by emulating the insane denunciations of a rabid fanatic, he merits all the obloquy which has been cast upon him. Though we did not hear his discourses—though we never met (nor wish to meet) him, publicly or privately—we have the best authority for the accusations we have preferred against him. If reverend gentlemen will so far forget themselves and abase the dignity of their order, as to propagate *rank nonsense* from the pulpit, in the place of religious instruction, they become *notorious public nuisances*, and can no longer expect the veneration due to that calling which they do not honour, and that surplice which they do not adorn.

J. W. D.

THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

(*By an American.*)

Continued from page 326.

They are heaping baskets, filling cans, toiling up the stairs with huge joints of meat; the hero snaps his fingers, impatient for the new course, though many an empty trencher bears traces of what he has already devoured. For why; a journey to Tartarus and conquest of gloomy Dis would hardly, in the natural state of society, be undertaken on a bis-

euit and a glass of lemonade. And when England was yet fresh from her grand revolution, and John Bull still cordially enjoyed his yule logs and Christmas feasts, "glorious John Dryden" was not ashamed to write thus of the heroes,—

"And when the rage of hunger was appeased."

Then a man was not ashamed of being not only a man in mind, but every inch a man. And Handel surely did not neglect to labour after he had feasted. Beautiful are the upward tending, slender stemmed plants! Not less beautiful and longer lived, those of stronger root, more powerful trunk, more spreading branches! Let each be true to his law; concord, no monotony, is music. We thank thee, Nature, for Handel, we thank thee for Mozart!— Yet one story from the Life of Handel ere we pass on. It must interest all who have observed the same phenomenon of a person exquisitely alive to the music of verse, stupefied and bewildered by other music.

"Pope often met Handel at the Earl of Burlington's. One day after Handel had played some of the finest things he ever composed, Mr. Pope declared that they gave him no sort of pleasure; that his ears were of that untoward make, and reprobate cast, as to receive his music, which he was persuaded was the best that could be, with as much indifference as the airs of a common ballad. A person of his excellent understanding, it is hard to suspect of affectation. And yet it is as hard to conceive how an ear, so perfectly attentive to all the delicacies of rhythm and poetical numbers, should be totally insensible to the charm of musical sounds. An attentiveness, too, which was as discernible in his manner of reading, as it is in his method of writing."—*Life of Handel*.

The principal feats of that apparition which bore the name of Mozart, are well known. His precocious development was far more precocious than that of any other artist on record. (And here let us observe another correspondence between music and mathematics, that is, the early prodigies in childish form, which seem to say that neither the art nor the science requires the slow care of the gardener, Experience, but are plants indigenous to the soil, which need only air and light to lure them up to majestic stature). Connected with this is his exquisite delicacy of organization, unparalleled save in the history of the fairy Fine Ear, so that at six years old he perceived a change of half a quarter of a note in the tuning of a violin, and fainted always at the sound of a trumpet. The wonderful exploits which this accurate perception of and memory for sounds enabled him to perform, are known to every one, but I could read the story a hundred times yet, so great is its childish beauty. Again, allied with this are his extreme tenderness and loving nature. In his life (Schlichtegroll's, translated by Bommel), it is mentioned, "He would say ten times a

day to those about him, 'Do you love me well?' and whenever in jest they said 'No,' the tears would roll down his cheeks." I remember to have read elsewhere an anecdote of the same engaging character. "One day when Mozart (then in his seventh year), was entering the presence chamber of the empress, he fell and hurt himself. The other young princesses laughed, but Marie Antoinette took him up, and consoled him with many caresses. The little Mozart said to her, 'You are good; I will marry you.' Well for the lovely princess, if common men could have met and understood her lively and genial nature as Genius could, in its childlike need of love. With this great desire for sympathy in the affections was linked, as by nature it should be, an entire self-reliance in action. Mozart knew nothing but music; or that the whole life of his soul was shed, but there he was as unerring and undoubting, as fertile and aspiring.

"At six years of age, sitting down to play in presence of the emperor Francis, he addressed himself to his majesty and asked, 'Is not M. Wagenseil here? We must send for him; he understands the thing.' The emperor sent for Wagenseil, and gave up his place to him by the side of the piano. 'Sir,' said Mozart to the composer, 'I am going to play one of your concertos; you must turn over the leaves for me.' The emperor said, in jest, to the little Wolfgang, 'It is not very difficult to play with all one's fingers, but to play with only one, without seeing the keys, would indeed be extraordinary.' Without manifesting the least surprise at this strange proposal, the child immediately began to play with a single finger, and with the greatest possible precision and clearness. He afterwards desired them to cover the keys of the piano, and continued to play in the same manner, as if he had long practised it. From his most tender age, Mozart, animated with the true feeling of his art, was never vain of the compliments paid him by the great. He only performed insignificant trifles when he had to do with people unacquainted with music. He played, on the contrary, with all the fire and attention of which he was capable, when in the presence of connoisseurs; and his father was often obliged to have recourse to artifice, in order to make the great men, before whom he was to exhibit, pass for such with him."

Here, in childlike soft unconsciouness, Mozart acts the same part that Beethoven did, with cold imperial sarcasm, when the Allied Sovereigns were presented to him at Vienna. "I held myself 'vornehm'" said Beethoven, that is, treated them with dignified affability; and his smile is one of saturnine hauteur, as he says it; for the nature, so deeply glowing towards man, was coldly disdainful to those who would be more than men, merely by the aid of money and trappings. Mozart's attitude is the lovelier and more simple; but Beethoven's lion tread and shake of the mane are grand too. The following anecdote shows that Mozart (rare praise is this) was not less dignified and clear-sighted as a man than in his early childhood:—

"The Italians at the court of the Emperor, Joseph the Second, spoke of Mozart's first essays (when he was appointed chapel-master) with more jealousy than fairness, and the emperor, who scarcely ever judged for himself, was easily carried away by their decisions. One day after hearing the rehearsal of a comic opera, which he had himself demanded of Mozart, he said to the composer, 'My dear Mozart, that is too fine for my ears; there are too many notes there.' 'I ask your majesty's pardon,' replied Mozart dryly; 'there are just as many notes as there should be.' The emperor said nothing, and appeared rather embarrassed by the reply; but when the opera was performed, he bestowed on it the greatest encomiums."

This anecdote certainly shows Joseph II. to be not a mean man, if neither a sage nor a connoisseur. Read in connexion with the foregoing, the traits recorded of the artist during his wife's illness (Life of Mozart, p. 309) and you have a sketch of a most beautiful character. Combined with this melting sweetness, and extreme delicacy, was a prophetic energy of deep-seated fire in his genius. He inspires while he overwhelms you. The vigour, the tenderness, and far-reaching ken of his conceptions were seconded by a range, a readiness, and flexibility in his talents for expression, which can only be told by the hackneyed comparison between him and Raphael. A life of such unceasing flow and pathetic earnestness must at any rate have early exhausted the bodily energies. But the high-strung nerves of Mozart made him excessive alike in his fondness for pleasure, and in the melancholy which was its reaction. His life was too eager and keen to last. The gift of presentiment, as much developed in his private history as in his works, offers a most interesting study to the philosophic observer, but one of too wide a scope for any discussion here. I shall not speak of Mozart as a whole man; he was not so, but rather the exquisite organ of a divine inspiration. He scarcely took root in the soil; not knowing common purposes, cares, or dispositions, his life was all crowded with creative efforts, and vehement pleasures, or tender feelings between. His private character was that of a child, as ever he loved to be stimulated to compose by having fairy tales told to him by the voice of affection. And when we consider how any art tends to usurp the whole of a man's existence, and music most of all to unfit for other modes of life, both from its stimulus to the senses and exaltation of the soul, we have rather reason to wonder that the other four great ones lived severe and manlike lives, than that this remained a voluntary and a fair child. The virtues of a child he had,—sincerity, tenderness, generosity, and reverence. In the generosity with which he gave away the precious works of his genius, and the princely sweetness with which he

conferred these favours, we are again reminded of Raphael. There are equally fine anecdotes of Haydn's value for him, and his for Haydn. Haydn answered the critics of "Don Giovanni,"—"I am not a judge of the dispute; all that I know is, that Mozart is the greatest composer now existing." Mozart answered the critic on Haydn, "Sir, if you and I were both melted down together, we should not furnish materials for one Haydn." Richard Coeur de Lion and Saladin! We never hear the Music of Mozart to advantage, yet no one can be a stranger to the character of his melodies. The idea charms me of symbolical correspondence, not only between the soul of a man and the productions of nature, but of a like harmony, pervading every invention of his own. It seems he has not only "builded better than he knew," when following out the impulse of his genius, but in every mechanical invention, so that all the furniture of man's life is necessarily but an aftergrowth of nature. It seems clear that not only every hue, every gem, every flower, every tree, has its correspondent species in the race of man, but the same may be said of instruments, as obviously of the telescope, microscope, compass. It is clearly the case with musical instruments. As a child I at once thought of Mozart as the Flute, and to this day, cannot think of one without the other. Nothing ever occurred to confirm this fancy, till a year or two since, in the book now before me, I found with delight the following passage.

"The most remarkable circumstance in his music, independently of the genius displayed in it, is the novel way in which he employs the orchestra, especially the wind instruments. He draws surprising effect from the flute, an instrument of which Cimarosa hardly ever made use.

Ere bidding adieu to Mozart, to whom I have only turned your eyes, as the fowler directs those of the bystanders to the bird glancing through the heavens, which he had not skill to bring down, and consoles himself with thinking the fair bird shows truer, if farther, on the wing.—I will insert three sonnets, so far interesting as showing the degree of truth with which these objects appear to one, who has enjoyed few opportunities of hearing the great masters, and is only fitted to receive them by a sincere love of music, which caused a rejection of the counterfeits that have been current among us. They date some years back, and want that distinctness of expression, so attainable to-day; but, if unaided by acquaintance with criticism on these subjects have therefore the merit of being a pure New England growth, and deserve recording like Sigismund Bieder- man's comparison of Queen Margaret to

his favourite of the Swiss pasture. "The Queen is a stately creature. The chief cow of the herd, who carries the bouquets and garlands to the chalet, has not a stately pace."—*Anne of Guerstein*.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. G. F. FLOWERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—Mr. Flowers has written much in your journal respecting a Contrapuntist's Society, and whilst many differ from his views, all must admit, that, assailed as he has been by abuse and contemptible vice-witticism, he has maintained a gentlemanly defence of his opinions; and though at times he may have manifested a spirit of *conceit*, anything but praiseworthy, that he intends well is beyond doubt. His anxiety to protect the interests of the musical profession deserves a better reward than *insolence and indifference*. All cannot think alike on a given subject, nor is such unison of thought desirable, since it would place science at a stand-still. We may not agree with Mr. Flowers as to the advantages that might result from his scheme, but to heap abuse upon a man for the mere proposal of a speculation which, he feels persuaded, would prove of essential benefit, is inexplicably absurd. It is to be regretted that Mr. Flowers' "Contrapuntists' Class" meets with so cold a reception among his professional brethren, but it requires no great discernment to trace the causes of this. *The regulations of the "Contrapuntal Society" are too circumscribed.* To confine benefits to a *chosen few*, or, in other words, to make such restrictive clauses in the formation of a society, as must prevent general participation in the advantages, is likely to effect its ruin.

Mr. Flowers' "Contrapuntist's Society," thus limited, appears in a character *too exclusive*, or, if I may be allowed the expression, *sectarian*, and therefore excites *suspicion* as to its future course, should it ripen into maturity. For the origin of this mistrust Mr. Flowers has himself to blame, which if he will take the trouble to read over the *whole* of his correspondence in the "Musical World," he may be led honestly to confess. To enlighten the public mind, *Humility* must be seen shedding its lustre over the wisdom of the instructor, or—who will believe him sincere? Let Mr. Flowers remember this, let him dispossess himself of the *pride of learning*; let him stand forth as *he is*, and he will be in a fairer way of establishing his society, because he will gain friends and overcome his enemies. Feeling an interest in the "Body Counterpane," I may, Mr. Editor with your permission, return to the subject, but whether or not—I wish success to Mr. Flowers and would recommend him never to forget that, as the *founder*, the responsibility of making his society worthy the attention and respect of British Musicians, rests materially with himself.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Yours very truly,
F. N. E.

Taunton, Oct. 8, 1844.

IN re GEORGE FRENCH FLOWERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR.—My attention has of late been attracted towards the unequal combat between Mr. G. F. Flowers, your valuable and well known correspondent, and an anonymous writer, who signs his communications "Musica." I say *unequal*, because the one has a name and a professional reputation, which are guarantees for his truth and sincerity;

while the other fights under the mask of secrecy, and may be, for ought we can know to the contrary, either a very clever musician, or a very shallow ignoramus. "Musica," if he be a learned man, has an eccentric method of shewing it, for Mr. Flowers' "Contrapuntists' Society" is to him as horrible as was the appearance of the ghost to Hamlet, but why or wherefore I cannot understand, because "Musica" has not adduced a solitary reason for his dislike. I do not belong to that Society, neither am I acquainted with its founder; but I am convinced that a sincere wish to benefit the art, and consequently the profession, was Mr. Flowers' motive in forming the association, and, I believe, if supported as it deserves, it will prove a great benefit to the young members of the musical profession. In the first place, a laudable ambition to become enrolled amongst a body of learned men (for surely a man who can write a good fugue is a learned one), will incite a youthful professor to study, he will know that his being a member will be considered by profound musicians a surety of his possessing talent, at least, above mediocrity; since a knowledge of counterpoint will place him far over the heads of mere players, and in the study itself he will learn the art of musical elocution, he will greatly benefit himself, and in his station discharge his duty in upholding the national musical character. It is a despicable habit, used by some individuals, to rail at what they cannot understand, the better to conceal their ignorance; but the anonymous abuse heaped on Mr. Flowers, for his endeavour to promote the true interests of his profession, is without parallel. The ignorance and scurrility, if viewed in one light, excite laughter at the imbecile efforts to overthrow what may do much good, and cannot possibly do any harm; but when we view them as attempts to retard the progress of science, and to lower us as a musical nation (for if they would annihilate "The Fugue Society," they would by the same rule destroy fugues).—I say, when we view the matter in this light, it makes us sorry and ashamed for the characters of some of our professional brethren. Handel, Haydn, Bach, and Mozart have written glorious fugues; and the immortal Mendelssohn has contributed his share. Not to mention the mighty Beethoven, no person in his senses can deny these men to be the greatest musicians the world has seen; and despite of the remonstrances of "Musica" and others, it can be no disgrace to follow where those noble geniuses have lead the way, even though "Musica" be opposed to the proceeding. I shall feel particularly obliged, if that gentleman will have the kindness to collect his *arguments* (not his jokes) against the "Contrapuntists' Society," and send them to "The Musical World," for as soon as I find myself a little recovered from a severe attack of illness, I mean to attempt an "Ala Capella," for admission, myself; unless, in the intervening period, "Musica" can shew clearly that Handel and the other illustrious musicians I have named, are altogether in the wrong, in which case I shall at once abandon the idea.

I am, dear Mr. Editor,
Yours respectfully,
JOHN N. WASTFIELD,
Organist, &c.

Bradford, Wilts, October 5, 1844.

If "Musica" would come out *like a man*, with his own name and address, his arguments would have double force. This would save him the dishonour of *anonymously* attacking an enemy, like an Indian, in ambush.

IN re FLOWERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

London, Oct. 6, 1844.

SIR.—In the note appended to my letter which was kindly inserted in last Thursday's *Musical World*, you say that "Mr. Flowers does not in any of his

letters go so far as to assert that he is *himself* capable of writing a fugue, good or bad." As Mr. Flowers professes in his advertisements to teach the art of counterpoint and fugue writing, not only in *classes* at his own residence, but to persons living in the country **BY LETTER**: as he asserts himself a pupil of A. Schmidt, X. Schneider, C. H. Rinck, &c. he *should* be able to write a fugue if he is not. Mr. Flowers does not in his letters "merely express an opinion"; the aim and object of those letters appears to be, to *write up* himself, and the **Contrapuntists' Society**. To attain this end he would have contrapuntal writing considered as the only good and orthodox style, stigmatizing as incompetent, all those who do not adopt it; he would hold up Gluck, Cherubini, &c. as models for operatic writers, and Bach, and Rinck, for pianists; he would draw a line of demarcation between those writing in fugue, and those employing a freer style, ascribing excellence only to the former. All these views I consider false, and tho' they may bring some pupils to his classes, or induce a few individuals "living in the country" to receive the advantage (?) of his instructions by letter, they cannot benefit either "art or artists."

I should think Mr. Flowers an old or phlegmatic man, for fugal propensities appear to exist in proportion to the absence of genius. I could mention many of our best composers whose earlier works were remarkable for freshness, and vigour, and harmony, whilst their recent ones are remarkable for the absence of those qualities, and for dry, mechanical, *contrapuntal* writing. Mr. Flowers would consider this a proof of increased wisdom, I can only see in it the decay of genius and imagination.

Music should appeal to the heart, the fugue is fitted only for the eye; it is ingenious to look at, but what are its effects in performance?—In the best fugues it will be found that all the laws of harmony are occasionally violated from the necessity of preserving entire the subject, in one part or other. In fugue with two subjects the combinations are sometimes *hideous*, and for what end? to shew the writers dexterity in constantly repeating his *one idea*. Should this style be held up as a model for constant imitation—is its promulgation likely to advance or improve the art, already too prone to retrograde?

One more reference to the note appended to my last letter; you state that Mr. Flowers is "a most mistaken man," in that I entirely agree with you, tho' in another sense, he is mistaken in his object, and in the means employed to attain it; but as his opinions are publicly advanced, I think they require as public a refutation. Apologising for again troubling you.

I am, Sir,
Respectfully yours.
MUSICA.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

MR. EDITOR.—From the warm tone the "Musical World" has adopted in the discussion of this subject, it would appear by no means a matter of indifference whether the works of the great composers can, with strict propriety, be performed in God's temple. With what reason however, such a question can be mooted in the nineteenth century, I candidly confess, I am at a loss to conjecture. First—because no person possessing the slightest acquaintance with the Old Testament can inquire, whether or not, sacred music is in conformity with the ordinances of the Almighty. Unquestionably none but a perverse impugner of holy writ would deny the fact. Secondly—this being admitted, can any reasonable individual entertain the absurd notion that the *House of God* can be desecrated by being devoted to such a purpose? Indeed, what place can be more suitable? Has

not Jehovah enjoined this as one of the particular modes in which he will be worshipped, approving his adoring creatures, for "Singing and making melody in their hearts." The Holy Spirit also dictated the words—"Out of the heart the mouth speaketh." What follows? Why that nothing can be offensive to the Almighty that he has given us the power and spirit to perform. Hence we are bound to consider the unison of music with devotion, a most acceptable offering to the Divinity, and the man who denounces those who act upon this principle, intrudes his insignificance between the Creator and his creatures, by attempting to hinder God's reception of the "varied fruits of man's devotion." If this be wrong in any case, can we view it with indifference in a self constituted judge of what is, and what is not, religious truth? Your severe strictures on a certain popular preacher have therefore been duly called for. He has deservedly been visited by the thunderbolt of your censure. Sir, you have fought truly a good fight in the cause of the widow and orphan, you have attempted, and not without effect, to open the eyes of the people. You have exposed a gross fallacy, and have thus entailed merited odium on the source from which it emanated. The press moulds the minds of the million. This is well at all times, but gratifying in the extreme when we are guided by such a masterly hand as yours, in a case too of such importance, not only to religion itself, and the religious public, but to all artists feeling as such. There is but one more observation to which I will call your attention, and I feel satisfied from the tone of the sentiments expressed in your last two numbers, that you will coincide with me. It is a thing to be desired, that previously to Musical Festivals, judgment should be exercised in the selection of pieces peculiarly suited to a holy edifice. And then, no opportunity would be afforded to hypocritical cavillers, or disingenuous popularity-hunters, to discover a shadow of reason for their unsanctified revilements against music—*all arts the most divine*.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
J. B. CRACKNELL.

Bristol, Oct. 6th, 1844.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

Birmingham, 7th October, 1844.

SIR,—Amongst your readers, there are, I have little doubt, some of the most gifted organists and musical professors that adorn our land, and through the medium of your publication allow me to introduce to them a subject which cannot be a very unimportant one to the profession, viz. "The situation of organs in churches." Organ building has of late years been very extensively carried on in England; and many magnificent instruments have been built, but for what purpose?—They have been placed in churches it is true, but one might suppose that they were built for ornament only, being placed in such situations that the real tone and beauty of them is entirely lost and converted into a confusing mass of harsh sound, and often distracting noise. Had the placing of these instruments been referred to men of undoubted judgment in such matters, and with whose profession it is connected, the result would have been widely different. If the many who weekly listen to the service of the church could hear a rich toned organ in its proper place, my impression is that sacred music would be more sought after, more studied, more admired. Were the authorities of the church to see that the organ is but too often an annoyance in the service, they would perhaps take some proceeding to correct the evil, by putting it in its proper place, instead of being at the very top of deep gallery, where it is continually to be found, and not often touching the ceiling—I trust that these observations may induce some of

your readers, who may have influence, to bring the subject to light, should you insert them in the *Musical World*—

I am Mr. Editor,
Your most obedient Servant,
AN AMATEUR.

Provincial.

YORK.—The third meeting of the York Philharmonic Society, took place on the 30th, and was honoured by a numerous and fashionable audience; it was calculated that there were nearly eight hundred persons present. The vocalists were Braham and his two sons, and Miss Whitnall; solo violinist and leader, Mr. Thirlwall. Braham was in excellent voice, and sang "Deeper and deeper still" imminently; his sons are making rapid improvements. Miss Whitnall sang "By the sad sea waves" most charmingly, and is likely to become a general favourite. Mr. Thirlwall was enthusiastically encored in the "Carnaval de Venise." The instrumental music went off with great spirit, but a variety of effects were marred by the substitution of a clarinet for the oboe.

ASHTON.—A concert of vocal and instrumental music took place at the Queen's Arms, Ashton, near Wigan, on the evening of Thursday week, by the amateurs of that place, assisted by several of the Wigan vocalists. Mr. Cooper, of Wigan, officiated at the piano-forte. The performances gave satisfaction. The proceeds were appropriated to the Widow and Orphan Fund of the Independent Odd Fellows.—(*Manchester Courier*).

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. W. Knowles, Jun., assisted by Mrs. Hiles, Messrs. J. H. Crank, W. Jackson, and J. Hornby, gave a concert at the Portico, Newington, on Thursday evening. It consisted of a selection from Russell, Bellini, Zingarelli, Bishop, Balfé, &c. Several of the airs were encored. Mrs. Hiles sang "Do not mingle," and "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," with considerable effect. Mr. J. Hornby acquitted himself well in Macfarren's "Pirate Song." Mr. C. Wilberforce presided at the piano-forte.—(*Liverpool Mail*).

BRISTOL.—Miss Christiana Weller, from whom we were prepared to expect much from the laudatory reports which have reached us from Liverpool, Manchester, and London, was engaged as principal pianist at the late Gloucester Festival. It gratified us to find that this young lady's talents had been in no wise overrated; her mode is excellent, and she possesses an elasticity of touch, with an unusually brilliant execution: it is impossible to hear her without perceiving that execution is made subservient to good taste, and the intention of the writer; without this, manual dexterity signifies nothing.—*Great Western Advertiser*.

LEICESTER.—We are pleased to find that a Society has been established in Leicester for the study and practice of classical music. The first meeting took place in the Exchange Rooms on Wednesday evening. We sincerely hope that an object so good may receive the support it merits.—(*Leicester Journal*).

MANCHESTER.—A Musical Fund concert was given on Monday last, at the Wellington Rooms, Manchester, for the benefit of the fund for Decayed Musicians and their widows and families; it was well patronized, and gave great satisfaction. The band and principal vocalists of the town gave their services. Mr. C. S. Seymour's *concerto* on the violin was warmly received, as also a song, "Fairy Bells," sung by Miss Andrews, a young and promising vocalist, accompanied on the *concertina* by Master Andrews, with taste. Mrs. Hardman and

Mrs. Wood were cordially greeted for their songs, as also Mr. Burnett, Mr. Walton, and Mr. James Isherwood. The choruses went very well.

NOTTINGHAM (From our own Correspondent).—Sivori has been here, with Misses Emma Lucombe and Sarah Flower, Signor Inchindi, and Mr. Lavenu. The concert was thinly attended. Miss Lucombe delighted us very much, and Miss Flower's lower notes told well in the concerted pieces. Signor Inchindi well supported his Parisian reputation. Sivori's solo, on subjects from "Moise," was deservedly applauded. When he is at the very top of the fourth string the notes are as clear, and the passages as connected as possible. When asked why he did not get married, Sivori replied, "That his violin was his wife, and a very faithful one she had proved."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CONTRAPUNTISTS' CONTEST.—The following lines are addressed to all those who write on the subject of the fugue and counterpoint question :—

Good friends, I pray you, when you write,
Don't dip your pens in gall,
I'm ready to engage in fight—
On paper, with you all !
Pray keep your temper, gentle Sirs
Whene'er you write of me ;
Great noise is only made by curs—
Yours—G. F. F., M. B.

A GERMAN JOURNAL states that a subscription is on foot for erecting at Mentz, a monument in honour of the four great composers, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber.

CONCERTS will be given by Mrs. St. Aubin, a performer on the piano-forte, in the course of this week, at Lancaster, Preston, Bolton, Chester, &c., &c., at which Mr. John Parry will sing.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—This charming little house was filled to overflowing on Tuesday night, to witness the first representation of a new drama called "Don Cesar de Basan." This, like nine of our pieces out of ten at the present time, is a translation of a French play now greatly in vogue. The English manufacturers are two of the editors of *Punch*—Messrs. Gilbert A'Beckett and Mark Lemon, the former of whom ought to do something better than make translations of the thoughts of others. The author of the "Comic Blackstone" ought to be invariably original. The drama in question is a good one. As a proof of its popularity, a version at the Adelphi (by Mr. Bourcicault), and another at the Haymarket (by Mr. Charles Matthews), are to be produced immediately. At the Princess's Theatre, Don Cesar de Basan was essentially fortunate in having for its representative the celebrated James Wallack, one of the old stock of English

actors, and a giant by the side of the pygmies of the actual day. It is a long and arduous part, and brought out the genius of that accomplished actor in the most effective manner. We need hardly say that his efforts were received with enthusiasm, and that at the end of the play he was called for unanimously. The other parts, excepting that of a page by the pretty Miss Marshall, were but indifferently performed. Some clever and spirited choruses and incidental music, by Mr. W. Lovell Phillips, greatly added to the interest of the drama, but one or two extra rehearsals will do the very striking merits something more like justice. The scenery and appointments were magnificent testimonials to the enterprise and tact of the management—and *Don Cesar de Basan* was announced for repetition by Mr. Wallack, amidst deafening applause.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL gave a third concert on Thursday night, in the Hanover Square Rooms, to an audience even more crowded than hitherto. He sang, in addition to his most popular compositions, a capital extravaganza called "The Spider and the Fly," and a new song (with some admirable verses, by Charles Mackay, Esq.), called "Tubal-Cain," the former with much humour, the latter with considerable energy. Kirkman's *Fonda* piano was, as usual, in service during the evening. Mr. Russell is engaged to give one of his entertainments at the Western Literary Institution, in Leicester Square, to-night.

MR. W. HODGKINSON, professor of the flute, intends resuming his trio and quartet parties, at his residence, 42, Hart Street, which gave so much satisfaction to his pupils last season.—(*Musical Examiner*).

BLAGROVE'S CONCERT ROOM.—The brothers Ciebra and M. Miarteni, the flautists, gave a concert here on Saturday evening, which was well attended. The guitars of the *beneficiaires* were in constant requisition, and were used to admirable purpose. The gem of the programme was a duet for violin and guitar, by young Silberberg and Don A. M. Ciebra. This was played to perfection, and unanimously encored. We have, on a previous occasion, spoken highly of the talents, and promise of Silberberg, and we are pleased to find him already so rapidly verifying our prediction of his future progress. The vocal music was sustained by Miss E. Badger, Signor and Signora Luigi, and Mr. Handel Gear. M. Miarteni played two flute fantasias, which we regret not to have heard.

PARIS (From our own Correspondent).—Adolph Adam's *Richard de Palestine*, so often deferred, was to have been positively

produced on Monday, at the Academy, with the following cast:—*Richard*, Barroilhet; *Berengère*, Mad. Dorus Gras; *Edith*, Mdlle. Sophie Mequillet; *Kenneth*, Marié; *Ismael*, Levasseur. "It has been remarked," says *La France Musicale*, "that all the composers who have written for the Opera, have debuted with *chefs-d'œuvres*;—Halévy began with *La Juive* (!), Auber with *La Muette de Portici*, Meyerbeer with *Robert le Diable*, Rossini with *Le Siège de Corinthe*, Spontini with *La Vestale*." (!) What a strange notion of *chefs-d'œuvres* they entertain here. Poor Neidermeyer's *Stra-della* was only wanted to complete the list; but we presume he is nobody. Berlioz, too—what becomes of him, with his *Benvenuto Cellini*? Surely that odd work is more of a *chef-d'œuvre* (*à la Française*) than *La Juive*—surely rhodomontade is a cut above dullness? We shall see whether Adolph Adam will be added to the list of *chef-d'œuvre-mongers*. He has been long one of the stars at the *Opéra Comique*, though, in strict truth, he is little better than an Auber *en petit*—(*très petit*). I am glad to hear you are going on so well at Drury. A French paper informs us, that the receipts on Dumilatre's first appearance exceeded ten thousand francs—is it true? The people here are full of the approaching festival of the *Association des Artistes Musiciens*, which will take place at the Opera, under Habeneck's direction. I sent you the programme, which contains nothing at all remarkable. Artot, the violinist, has been writing some new works since his return from America—among others, much is spoken of a *Romance*, dedicated to Mad. Cinti Damoreau. Artot is going to Italy, but will spend the winter here. Emile Prudent, the pianist, has composed some *Etudes de Genre* for the piano, of which I hear good accounts. I have no great opinion of the *invention* of this clever pianist, but shall be happy to find myself deceived. He always has struck me as a close follower of Thalberg. Henri Herz, one of the most fashionable of Parisian teachers, as well as one of the cleverest and most gentlemanly of living artists, is going to recommence immediately his classes, which are all the vogue. A new instrument, called the *Harmonium*, a bad imitation of the *Apollonicon* of Flight and Robson, has been much puffed lately. It affects to give quadrilles and waltzes much better than a complete orchestra, and vaunts itself as never out of tune. When I heard it, it was abominably out of tune—and the effect, to my ears, was little better than that produced by the last invented nuisance of the street-musicians. *Discordium* would be a much better name for it. We expect Leopold de Meyer here, shortly, from Brussels.

M. M.

VERSES FOR MUSIC.

Sweet Autumn flowers, that bloom so fair,
When glowing summer's past;
Why will ye glide so soon away,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Sweet fragile flowers, sad lovely flowers,
That sip the morning dew;
Born but to show awhile your worth,
And then to bid adieu.

Sweet Autumn flowers.

Sweet Autumn flowers, pale Autumn flowers,
Ye're types of precious things;
Of life's sweet moments flown for age,
On "Times" too rapid wings:
Of bitter tears in silence shed,
Of dying words half spoken,
Of silver cords too rudely loosed,
Of vows too lightly broken.

Sweet Autumn flowers.

Fairest of all the Summer's store,
Of Flora's gems the last;
How many sudden'd thoughts ye wake,
That whisper of the past;
Sweet Autumn flowers, a few brief hours,
Ye drink the golden light;
Born but to show awhile your worth,
And then—to bid good night.

Sad Autumn flowers.

W. H. GODFREY.

Author of "The Faded Flower,"—"Beautiful Bells," &c.

THE DÖHLER PARTY will give a concert at Blackheath, on Saturday morning. The Persiani and Forasari party was by no means successful in its tour through the provinces, nor were the doings of the Grisi party anything to boast of, while that of Sivori was comparatively a failure.

STRAND THEATRE.—We had great pleasure in attending the performances at this pleasant little theatre on Tuesday night. Mr. Marble, the American actor, is a great acquisition, and keeps the house in a continual roar of laughter. He is a great humourist, and a capital actor. He sustains three parts during the evening in an equally admirable manner. Great credit is due to Mr. Roberts, the spirited and gentlemanly lessee, for his excellent arrangements in every part of the theatre. The band is small, but compact and efficient. The leader is Mr. Du Lang.

MR. HORNCastle is preparing a lecture, with illustrations, on the music of the old English masters.

MR. LOVER has been highly successful in his tour to the West of England.

MISS EMILY HUDSON, the juvenile pianist, whose performances at the Princess's Concert Room, and at the Literary Institutions in London and Greenwich we have favourably noticed, has been placed under the superintendence of Dr. Wesley, of Leeds.

MRS. GIBBS (formerly Miss Graddon), the vocalist, has lately returned from America, where she has resided for several years, and has been highly successful in her professional career. Mr. Henry Phillips has arrived safe in New York, but no account of his "opening night" has yet been received.

THE CONTRAPUNTIST'S SOCIETY.—(*Translation of a letter from Hofkapellmeister Dr. C. H. Rinck, of Darmstadt, to G. F. Flowers, Mus. Bac., Hon. Sec. of the Contrapuntist's Society*)—Respected Sir, I have learned with pleasure, both by word of mouth and by letter, that a Society has been established in England, whose aim is to advance and foster the science of music, and place it on as high a pedestal as possible. Your request that I would allow my name to stand with others as a patron of this Society has afforded me peculiar pleasure. I shall ever feel interested in your Society, and when my health permits, contribute my mite towards the prosperity of the same. At all events, however, I shall rejoice to hear from time to time something of this undertaking. Commanding myself to you,

I have the honour to be,
Yours very faithfully,
C. H. RINCK.

Darmstadt, 26th Sep., 1844.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The following is a list of the members and associates for 1844:—

Members—Thomas Adams, H. R. Allen, G. I. Baker, H. J. Banister, Jos. Banister, Robert Barnett, William Beale, W. S. Bennett, Madame A. Bertini, C. Betts, J. S. Bowley, H. Boys, J. F. Burrowes, Jas. Calkin, Joseph Calkin Jun., Miss Calkin, John Calcott, R. Carte, G. Case, W. Castell, J. Clinton, G. Cooper, Jun., C. Coote, F. Cox, W. Cramer, J. L. Creton, G. Cubitt, Miss Cubitt, T. W. Davis, J. W. Davison, W. Dorrell, F. Eames, W. Erat, A. Ferrari, H. Gattie, W. Giles, J. Gledhill, W. Goodwin, H. Graves, John Green, J. H. Griesbach, T. W. Hancock, T. Harper, H. Hill, E. J. Hopkins, C. E. Horsley, J. Jay, S. Jay, J. T. Jennings, F. B. Jewson, W. Keating, C. Keating, G. Lambert, H. Lazarus, H. Lincoln, Miss E. Lockey, J. D. Loder, C. Lucas, G. A. Macfarren, T. M. Mudie, C. Neate, James Newsham, G. L. Newson, C. A. Patey, E. Perry, W. L. Phillips, C. Potter, H. B. Richards, W. M. Rooke, W. H. Seguin, C. Severn, Sir G. Smart, S. J. Stephens, C. E. Stephens, J. W. Thirlwall, J. R. Tutton, H. Westrop, T. Westrop, W. Wheatley, J. T. Willy, H. Wyld, Jun., and James Wyld. Associates—J. Adams, —Burdini, H. Cocking, T. Cooke, Miss Davies, —Day, Miss Day, Miss Rollo Dickson, Miss Dolby, Miss Dorrell, Miss Duval, Miss Graves, Miss H. Groom, J. Harding, Mrs. C. Harper, Miss M. A. Hill, F. Hill, R. Hughes, W. C. Macfarren, Miss E. Mason, Miss A. Merlet, A. Mitchell, Miss Orger, W. S. Rackstraw, Miss Rainforth, Mrs. J. Roe, Miss L. Sampson, Miss Steele, S. Stone, Miss Towers, W. Weston, J. Westlake. Committee of Management—James Calkin, J. Clinton, W. Erat, H. Graves, C. E. Horsley, C. Severn, C. E. Stephens, H. Westrop, and J. T. Willy. Auditors—J. Green, F. B. Jewson, and J. W. Thirlwall. Honorary Treasurer—James Erat, Esq. Secretary—G. I. Baker.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. HUDSON. We have inserted the first part of his communication. The concluding paragraph is an advertisement. MR. FARMER (Nottingham).—We plead guilty to all of which he accuses us. It is never too late to repent, however; and we shall

make up for the past in deeds, not words. We disagree with Mr. F. in a great degree about Sivori, and altogether about Inchindi. MR. LONGHURST.—His subscription was acknowledged in our Notice to Correspondents, the same week it arrived. Our agent will write to him on the subject.—MISS F. DUNSTAN shall be attended to without delay. Though the handwriting of our fair correspondent is always most welcome to us, yet we are sorry to have given her the trouble of twice writing. MR. FROST.—MESSRS. D. and F. SMITH.—Subscriptions received with thanks. MRS. MACARTNEY.—The mistake shall not occur again. MR. ANDREW PARK.—Thanks. MR. DIXON shall receive early attention. MR. LEMARE.—We will endeavour to make use of his kind communication. W. S.—Next time. MR. ISAACS (Liverpool) shall hear from us immediately. MR. T. CHAPPELL.—MESSRS. EWER—MR. H. T. BANISTER—their favours have come to hand.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Jullien's Celebrated Polkas.

MONS. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that Nos. 5 and 6 of his collection of POLKAS are published. This collection is now composed of No. 1, The Original Polka; No. 2, The Royal Polka, No. 3, The Drawing Room, No. 4, The Rage of Vienna, No. 5, The Imperial Polka, and No. 6, The Douro Polka; the other six, forming the complete collection of Twelve Polkas, will be published weekly during the present and following month. The immense success of M. JULLIEN's Polkas having induced unprincipled persons to publish spurious imitations, Mons. JULLIEN has published the above Polkas at his own office, 3, MADDOX STREET, New Bond Street; and in order to secure the public against the possibility of purchasing the incorrect copies, he has attached his signature to each copy, none can therefore, be relied on which have not his autograph.

A Grand Military Fantasia,
(For the Piano-forte),

Descriptive of the Moral Revolution at Athens, 1843,
By J. COHAN (Pupil of Ries.)

"Mr. Cohan has aimed at giving a musical idea of a great moral revolution; and, as far as such a thing is compassable by harmonic, melodic, and canonic means, he has succeeded. The effect of this *morœus*, in the hands of a pianist like the composer, must be brilliant, warlike, and exciting: we recommend every lover of music this remarkable battle-piece. The fantasia is appropriately dedicated to an illustrious Greek."—*Musical Examiner*.

"This is really an extraordinary musical effort full of originality, and illustrating a series of circumstances which might be supposed out of the range of the instrument; but Mr. Cohan has certainly succeeded in imparting to it a coherence and fancy, a vivid reality, and melodic arrangement that reflects great merit on his poetical power, and his harmonic facility. Independently of its dash and vigour, it is valuable as a show-piece to those who possess a fair mastery over executional difficulties. It is full of colour and incident as a battle-piece, by Horace Vernet.—*Era*.

Also a Rondo Brillante.

"This is another of Mr. Cohan's original and brilliant compositions, in which the peculiar force and sparkling effect of his own style are conspicuous; whilst the equality, exactness, and classical character of the school to which he belongs, are maintained unbroken."—*Sun*.
To be had of all Music Sellers; and at the author's residence, 26, Soho Square, where he gives private lessons on the violin or piano-forte (with and without the violin accompaniment). Mr. Cohan also attends at the residences of his pupils.

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This is a charming morceau, and cannot fail to become as popular as Horn's "I know a bank," particularly as it is sung by Miss Lucombe and Miss Dolby; the melody is very pretty and catching, while the solos given to each voice heighten the effect; the repetition of the leading subject tells well. We strongly recommend this Duet to all soprano and contralto singers. (Vide *Sunday Times*.)

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Merrily meet again, Trio for 3 equal voices.....	2 0
With hearts light and merry, Round, ditto.....	2 0
Spread wide the sail, ditto ditto.....	2 0
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